

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

JUNE 28, 1935



NOTES AND COMMENT--

**WHO'S VIOLENT NOW?
BERKELEY PAYS FOR "PATRIOTISM"**

ANOTHER HEAVENLY DISCOURSE
BY CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

**UNCLE SAM MOPS UP
ON THE GALLUP FRONT**
BY A. L. WIRIN

THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA
AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY W. K. BASSETT

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PACIFIC WEEKLY CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

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NEXT WEEK

MOSCOW, THE SOVIET CAPITAL, first of a series of articles by Roger Merriman, now in Russia on a Guggenheim Fellowship.

CONFUSED LIBERAL, by Marie deL. Welch.

BOOK REVIEWS by Dorothy Erskine, Aileen Strong, and others.

Another CAMEO, by Tom Kromer.

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM, by W. K. Bassett will be continued.

HITLER AND MUSSOLINI SMASHED

THE TRADE UNIONS

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NOTES AND COMMENT

WHO'S VIOLENT NOW?

DURING the war a cartoon appeared in a humorous newspaper consisting of four sections, each titled "All Quiet on the Western Front". The cartoons were exactly alike except that in each succeeding one the piles of dead were higher. So it is with the war of fascist-vigilantes and labor in the West. Even while nothing is happening, plenty is happening.

The vigilantes piled up two more dead in Eureka, by the simple method of shooting into groups of unarmed pickets. (*It is only workers who believe in violence.*) In Oregon troops were called out and tear gas was used to break up any group of people anywhere in the town—a group being more than two people. Thousands fled gasping and crying. (*It is only workers who use tear gas.*) Mounted police rode into groups picketing lumber mills. Some mills reopened with skeleton crews of scabs. Thus under military and police violence attempts are being made to break the strike.

A photograph appeared in the San Francisco Examiner of Chief of Police Quinn gazing lovingly at boxes of ammunition being sent by loyal California to loyal Vancouver to be used on workers in the longshore strike there. (*Quinn may not know it but only Communists use violence.*)

And San Francisco's flower of rich young men, the Society column carnations, filed in and signed up as members of The Crusaders and the Committee of One Thousand. Young Roger Coons of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, young Jerd Sullivan and Wallace Alexander, who believes in the Open Shop. The young fascists don't know what they believe in, except force and violence. Young Mr. Sullivan, young Mr. Coons, who hardly know what they are organizing for or against—so long as there are pistols, tear gas and plenty of force and violence in it. *American force and violence—to upset the established American democracy.*

What these young society scions, etc., don't know, and what they'd better pretty quickly learn, is that workers are also people. It must be astonishing to them to hear it; but they have to know it sooner or later. And workers have feelings, stomachs, and quite frequently, good, sound, American friends and sympathizers, people who believe in justice and

fair play, and fair pay, and NOT in police, troops, tear gas and force and violence—especially not the ignorant violence of the Jerd Sullivan-Roger Coons variety.

When workers are killed, it is to their fellows just as shocking—every bit as shocking—as it would be to the society friends of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Coons if they were suddenly shot by employes in their offices as they walked, unarmed, to their work.

The evidence they will find if they will watch one of the many and growing funerals of workers shot by police or fascist-vigilantes.

BERKELEY PAYS FOR "PATRIOTISM"

THE citizens of Berkeley, San Francisco and Richmond are beginning to learn the costs of revelry enjoyed by some of their "respectable" neighbors when last July they derived such enormous pleasure from throwing bricks through the windows of the quiet-living, progressive-minded sections and beating up in the name of patriotism defenseless men and women.

The city of Richmond was forced in May by court decision to pay \$300 to W. J. Prater, photographer of eleven years residence for negligence on its part in providing adequate police protection. Prater had been spokesman for some of the city's unemployed and for championing their cause he was twice visited by vigilantes. The first raid on his studio occurred on July 17, 1934. Shortly after closing, a band of seven men broke into it, smashed the front windows and the door glass, slashed paintings and portraits, including one of "Old Ironsides", hurled an armchair through the window into the street and ground the glass into the hardwood floor and then overturned the desks and benches in his office and dressing room.

It took the city police fifteen minutes to arrive on the scene after Prater had informed them of the attack. He was denied further protection by them, with the consequence that a second raid occurred the following afternoon. This time twenty-five men came while his wife was in the studio, maltreated her, and proceeded to tear to shreds the photographic backgrounds and screens, to upset chemicals, ruin cameras and sundry other items connected with the camera room. The total damage on the two occasions was estimated at over \$2,300 but lack of an inventory beforehand made the values difficult to prove in court. As a result of constant intimidation in which the police cooperated, Prater himself was forced to flee the town for several weeks.

Attorney Austin Lewis of the American Civil Liberties Union secured the award for Prater under the terms of a law originally intended to protect the private property of corporations from mob destruction which holds that communities are liable for property losses when police departments have adequately been warned of the imminent danger. Several minor suits against the city are still pending.

The International Workers of the World headquarters on Howard Street were invaded in the same month last year by a rollicking band of San Franciscans and the city found in its saner moments of May, this year, that it had a pretty bill of \$175 to pay for the wreckage of the gallant gang of defenders of "home and country".

Now wakes the city of Berkeley on June 21 to the realiza-

tion that its "Berkeley Nationals", whose membership includes several University professors and is reputed to have a membership of 3,500, are rather expensive hoodlums to maintain. While the tax-payers labor under the extreme tribute and the school teachers go unpaid, the bill presented and granted by the Superior Court from the Finnish Workers Association mounts to almost \$4,750. On July 19, 1934, this Association called on the Berkeley police to advise them they had been informed that a raid on their headquarters was planned. Twenty-five minutes later one hundred men with "BN" armbands drove away the caretaker, destroyed furniture, three expensive pianos, other musical instruments and the library, topping it off by shooting holes in the walls. Witnesses testified that a call came over the short wave radio of the police, who boast of their efficiency, to have them report to the scene immediately and that this call was revoked two minutes later. Another witness testified that a police car was among those parked outside the hall at the moment of the raid. Several months ago the insurance company which held the riot policy to the F. W. A. secured a judgment of \$1,500 against the city. Last Friday the Association was awarded \$3,242.60 by the Superior Court as compensation for the police negligence.

If the vigilantes in these three cities have done no other patriotic service they have at least made clear to many California tax-payers whose private property they and the police "protect".



THE JAPANESE BOYCOTT

BY HARRY CONOVER

THE article by G. Armistead Kauffman published in last week's issue is an illustration of the tenuous line which runs between liberals and out and out reactionaries. In outlining a boycott program for liberals to follow in attacking the menace of Japanese imperialism, Mr. Kauffman has outdone the most chauvinistic attitude of William Randolph Hearst and has played directly into the hands of the industrial overlords of this country. Let us examine what he has to say on this issue and what the consequences and alternatives to his program are.

With a true Spenglerian analysis, Mr. Kauffman maintains that the Japanese standard of life is so low that in the face of its competition, Western capitalist civilization is doomed. As a defensive measure, he proposes a complete boycott, which is tantamount to economic war and can only culminate in actual war. Whose interests will thereby be protected? Surely not the workers in our basic industries who have so long suffered under the exploitation which the last few years has seen intensified. For them, the status will not be changed. But for the industrialists, the raising of the Japanese bogey plays very effectively into their plans for raising tariffs and thereby further mulcting the American consumer.

How great is the Japanese menace actually? If we refer to the *Commerce Yearbook*, a glance at the figures on Japanese trade immediately shows us that the major imports to the United States from that country are of items which do not compete with our home industries and that we have a "favorable

balance" of trade with her. In 1934, Japan bought from us 91 billion dollars worth of goods more than we imported from her. To declare a boycott of her at this time would be akin to economic suicide for us, making it impossible for her to continue her purchases here.

But the stock in trade of these economic nationalists is that a boycott is necessary to save our declining cotton industry. What are the figures on this trade? According to the Labor Research Association, for the seven months ending January 1935, imports of cotton goods into the United States from all countries totaled only \$15,871,263, compared with \$18,887,294 in the corresponding period of 1933, a drop of 16 per cent. About 68 per cent of all cotton products coming into the United States during the first quarter of 1935 came from Japan. Yet, in spite of this significant increase and even though imports of cotton cloth continue during 1935 at the high rate of the first quarter, the total imports for the year from Japan would not be more than one to one and a half per cent of the total production of cotton cloth in the United States. Agreeing with these figures, the *Far Eastern Survey* of April 24, 1935, says; "By almost any comparison that is adopted, imports of Japanese cotton goods have never been a factor of any consequence either in trade between the United States or in American cotton markets as a whole." The Labor Research Association further points out that "actual imports of cotton cloth from Japan amounted to only about three and a half million dollars last year, or slightly less than the value of similar imports into the United States from Japan in 1923—eleven years ago."

Why the current agitation for a boycott then? It is part of the deliberate program of the cotton industrialists to raise a cry about this "competition" so that they may prevent labor in the textile mills, who are mostly women and children, from insisting that they be paid living wages. Behind the sound and the fury, the employers are engaged in a campaign to boost tariffs, as the Bacharach and Treadway bills already propose, which will still further increase the cost of living for the consumers who are paying enormous subsidies now to the cotton area in the form of processing taxes. This is the meaning of the propaganda to which even the *New York Times* has pointed. And it is into this stream that the liberal Mr. Kauffman has fallen.

There are two other major industries which perennially

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raise the Japanese "menace" for the same purposes: the incandescent lamp group and the tuna fisheries. The General Electric Company, which maintains a virtual monopoly of bulb making in this country through its patent pools with Westinghouse and R. C. A., has long been notorious for its pleas for higher tariffs at the same time it has effectively throttled the use of new processes in the industry. As far as the American consumer is concerned, Japanese competition in this field would be a welcome thrust at the international domination of this company. The tuna fish industries on the other hand have Nature to boycott, for it is really not the fault of the Japanese that the tuna moves with the current over to that island's shores periodically.

The boycott move is not only economically unsound and unnecessary in an economically interdependent world, it is politically dangerous. It would but intensify the nationalistic practices of the United States at the same time perpetuating the monopolists of this country. It would be a smoke screen behind which to increase the profits of these concerns at the expense of the workers. And it would only tend to make the Japanese masses spend their wrath against us rather than against their own exploiters.

Japanese industrialists would on no score raise the standard of its workers, as Mr. Kauffman infers. The increase in wages in that country as in this can come only as the workers organize and demand them. It is to the aid of these Japanese workers that our energies ought to be directed, not to chauvinistic programs of the boycott, if sincerely we are concerned about labor's welfare. For the enemies of labor are the owning class in both countries, and this class will continue to play off the workers of one against those of the other until the consciousness of the international bonds of labor drives the workers to end the system of wage slavery which brutally subjects them in Japan and the United States.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

ONE NICE thing about this community—besides the beach and the bay—is that our politicians and our businessmen are the same; no class or professional line there. No excusable scorn of one for the other. And another good trait is our general tolerance of vices like gambling and prostitution, and of dangerous diseases like typhoid. We don't report or talk about such menaces, even when there are deaths. Warnings against contagion wouldn't make us wash or avoid lettuce, for example, and they might hurt business. And to clean up fields would take money right out of profits, unthinkable when they are high. Not many communities can be likened to us in all this.

UPTON SINCLAIR threatens to resign from EPIC if—He mustn't do that. He might, you know; he's an impulsive man. But when you're the leader of a few thousand people who are for but who do not grasp your plan in detail, you can't walk away and leave them; you lose your freedom of choice and action; one has to give up liberty to be a leader. That's one reason I always dodged leadership; one, I say. And that is one reason why I want the Communists to be The Party in any movement I follow; the Communist Party tries to

make every member of its rank and file understand and act upon its philosophy and program.

By the way, that's one distinction between an American boss or a Fascist dictator and a Soviet Labor dictatorship. As long as Stalin decrees steps along the well-known program he is O. K. and he gets obedience, but let him step off the plan and there would be trouble indeed. A Communist dictatorship is more democratic than our democracy, Upton. You once wished that I understood better what I was trying to do; now I hanker for the same wish about you. Lenin told me one year before he did it that he was going to resign his leadership; it took him that long to give up his power; and now Stalin could not quit if he wanted to without most careful preparation for the continuance of—the program.

A CORRESPONDENT accuses me of slowmindedness, and I admit it. It took me a lifetime of research to see what he saw after his first year in this country, he says truly, but he had advantages I lacked: he was a mechanic who had to labor in our system and, for enlightenment, had workers to talk to. I had only the learned and the learners of our culture. I ask my critic to allow for all that and remember that even so I got beyond that Democratic Party where he is. I cannot take his advice to run for governor on the Republican ticket. No, slow as I am, I must decline that offer.

A BUSINESS man hereabouts had his light cut off. He paid up, plus a dollar for the reconnection, and explained that his delay was an oversight that heretofore brought him only a "notice".

"Oh," they said, "we thought you were out of a job."

THE PRESIDENT slammed shut our open door to China last week; we will not protest Japan's invasion of North China. European countries asked us to.

THE CAPITALIST agents in the longshoremen's organization are out to "get" Harry Bridges. He has the audacity to represent labor and the longshoremen with loyalty and intelligence. Business is against him. And verily business can deal better with the old union officials; they really can.

A ROOM in Monterey where there was a kids' concert the other day was all white—white walls, white ceiling—all except the floor, which was black, black, a blackened black. Beautiful. Maybe it was only the kids and their concert that did it, but there was one bunch of flowers in that impressive black and white that seemed to land. There's somebody back of that sort of decoration. I mean some body.

REMEMBER THE observation that there are several great teachers in this town? Well, I came across another this week. If we could only let them teach—let them dare! Think of the kids we could have, and the real estate we could sell, if we could make it known. A village where parents don't matter.

SUCKERS BEGIN as grafters. As in fishing, the man with the pole offers some bait on the hook. The smart suckers nibble once, twice, getting something for nothing till they're hooked. They've swallowed a house or a lot or a car. The fisher has caught a fish. Three-card monte illustrates the whole psychology, both sides. Politics, too.

MOONEY IS up and about again. Going to the Supreme Court. Has a chance. The interests that got him have got him still and they're sitting tight, but Mooney has persistence and a chance. He is too much of an individualist to be kept inside: ought to be out with the rest of us ruggeds.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOVIET RUSSIA

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY W. K. BASSETT

UNQUESTIONABLY the most interesting country in the world outside, possibly, our own, is Russia. Information and mis-information about no other land consumes nearly the amount of print in newspapers and magazines and books as that which is devoted to Russia. As for the books, they are devoted to arrays of facts designed either to damn Russia or to bless it. The magazines as a rule make an endeavor to give factual information with every possible degree of verity. The newspapers, particularly those controlled by William Randolph Hearst, devote the voluminous space given to Russia to type-pictures of tyranny, starvation, exploitation of the people, murder and a general economic and social chaos.

We are constantly confused by the contradictory reports we receive although the most intelligent of us are convinced that something is going on over there in the nature of a social and economic revolution that even now is having its effect on the conditions under which humanity is existing in every corner of the globe. We are convinced that if it is not a great ideal being worked out in Russia, it is certainly a great experiment.

Some of us are beginning to suspect that the Hearst treatment of conditions in Russia and of the Communist movement in the United States is a symptom of desperation, of a wild attempt to stifle something that while it may mean for the advancement of civilization presages also the destruction of a system under which such men as Hearst and such institutions as the Hearst newspapers are permitted to thrive.

It does not require a great amount of intelligence to suspect this. We here in California are blessed, or cursed, with five Hearst newspapers, three in the San Francisco bay district and two in Los Angeles. Day after day, and more and more as the days go on, these papers, in flaring headlines and column after column of type, informs us on one hand of the "disgraceful" and "horrifying" conditions in Russia, and on the other of the menacing efforts of Communists in America to bring these conditions to our country.

It is amusingly evident that Mr. Hearst fears the growth of Communism in America, is horrified at the possibility that the Russian system may get a foothold in this country. He is sensible enough to realize the necessity for substantiating his fear and horror. He knows that it is not sufficient merely to state that a thing is dangerous. He must make some show of proving it dangerous. He is attempting to do this, daily, in all his newspapers. He is attempting to do it through the publication of presumably true stories of Russia and Russian life which, if they are true, undeniably uphold his editorial contentions and make him a veritable St. George, standing between us and the dragon of a social, economic and moral degeneration.

It is neither unnatural nor unreasonable for us to reach the conclusion that Mr. Hearst is an inveterate journalistic fraud. He has established this reputation. No matter to what depth of capitalistic perversion and patriotic perfidy other newspapers may sink, it is safer at all times to accept their news reports about any happening in life than place confidence in what appears in the Hearst press. In San Francisco the *Chronicle* is a good example of a newspaper devoted to capitalist propaganda to the sacrifice of human welfare, but taken over the period of a year, the percentage of truth in the *Chroni-*

cle's news columns is voluminous in comparison to that in the *Examiner's*.

No, Hearst does not fool many of us by his editorial screeches and his so-much-an-inch stories of "facts" about Soviet Russia and American Communists. He is probably a willing victim of those who return from a tourist trip to Russia with the sudden inspiration, as they approach the Statue of Liberty, that stories of Russian atrocity, Russian starvation, Russian tyranny and the general failure of the Russian social and economic structure can be sold for cold cash in the offices of the *New York Journal*.

But the Hearst editorials and the ostensible Hearst facts about Russia and Communism generally do affect us. We are inclined to doubt them, to repudiate them, but it is human nature for us to wonder. There is something about cold black type that tends to an acceptance of what it says. There is no doubt that Hearst's desperate propaganda and what appears with less continuity, but often with equal fervor, in other newspapers and magazines, does arouse our wonder, stir our curiosity, confuse our attempts at understanding.

We read from time to time conscientious and frank efforts to clarify the situation for us; we read honest endeavors to show us the facts. With no desire to cover up, with no thought to edit, *PACIFIC WEEKLY* will, beginning next week, give to its readers a series of articles, "bulletins" he calls them, written by Robert Merriman in Moscow.

Mr. Merriman is a member of the department of economics in the University of California. He is in Russia on a Guggenheim scholarship. He is a captain in the United States Army Reserve. He is not a Communist. He has been in Russia six months; he will remain for a period of two years. He is reporting what he sees without fear or favor of anyone. He sees and he writes with intellectual honesty.

The first article, next week, July 6, will deal with Moscow, the city, Mr. Merriman giving us a pen picture of the capital of the Soviet Republic. The second "bulletin" will picture the rest homes for Russian industrial workers. The third tells about the village and collective farms of Western Russia. Others with appeal as broad will follow.

PACIFIC WEEKLY, then, beginning next week and extending over a period of two months and more, offers the fact-articles of Mr. Merriman as a sincere contribution to your enlightenment and as a frank attempt to gratify your desire for the truth about Russia.



UNCLE SAM MOPS UP

BY A. L. WIRIN

IN THE aftermath of San Francisco's general strike, in July, 1934, "citizens", Legionnaires, and just ordinary hoodlums "mopped up" radical headquarters and labor organizations. The performance of vigilantes and thugs in Pacific Coast cities last summer was re-enacted by deputy sheriffs, coal company "gun thugs" (that is what the workers call them) and black hooded mobsters in Gallup this summer.

In Gallup vigilantism, mob violence and the terrorizing of militant workers found a helpful ally in the Government of the United States. Even now United States immigration officials are putting the finishing touches to the "mopping up" process initiated by state officials and company storm troopers at noon on April 4, a few minutes after the fatal shooting of a sheriff and two workers.

Please don't misunderstand me—there is now no open terror in Gallup; half drunk and fully armed "special deputies" no longer patrol the streets day and night. Lawyers for the defense have not been kidnaped, beaten and threatened with death in the last fortnight; workers' shacks have not been ransacked for Communist literature and membership cards in the International Labor Defense or the Unemployed Council; nor have any miners or their wives or children been beaten, third-degreed, arrested or "questioned" in the last few days. All is quiet, for the moment, on this erstwhile bloody class war western front.

But quietly, methodically, secretly—literally behind closed doors—Uncle Sam continues to "mop up". Frances Perkins is conducting deportation "hearings" in Santa Fe. Those miners upon whom the state prosecuting attorney could pin no semblance of responsibility for the violation of any one of New Mexico's thousands of "crimes" are now in the process of being removed from the scene of the miners' struggles for labor rights, by Uncle Sam's most effective strike breaking, anti-labor weapon—deportation.

Take the case of Jesus Pallares who has just received such a "hearing". First, who is Jesus Pallares? Arriving in the United States from old Mexico in 1908 he has for the last twenty-seven years been a miner in the coal pits of the Gallup American Coal Company, the Albuquerque and Cerrillos Coal Company at Madrid, New Mexico. For some time he has been the fearless leader of the militant Liga Obrera, New Mexico's Spanish-speaking workers' organization. As such, it was he who organized the protest march on the Governor April 5, the day following the shooting at Gallup and secured promises from New Mexico's governor "of a fair deal to the workers—the innocent will be protected and have nothing to fear". It was he, too, who led a similar march of indignant Mexican workers to New Mexico's capital while the last Legislature was still in session, to oppose New Mexico's proposed state sedition law, a march so effective that it is generally credited by both reactionaries and liberals in New Mexico to have been responsible for the defeat of the proposed Fascist measure. Jesus Pallares is and for many months has been New Mexico's local agitator number 1.

On May 17, Pallares gets his "day in court": Nick D. Collaer, immigration inspector, is the "judge"; J. M. Wilson, immigration inspector, is the official reporter; David Levinson, International Labor Defense attorney, (an ugly scar on his

forehead still bears mute evidence of what it means to be an I. L. D. attorney) represents the alien; everyone else is barred; a Spanish interpreter of the alien's own choosing is excluded, as is Philip Stevenson, New Mexico's most devoted friend of radical workers; after much negotiation, as counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union I am suffered to remain present on the express stipulation, however, that my mouth is to be shut—I am not to participate in the hearing in any manner.

And then the hearing proceeds. At last, after weeks in jail Pallares is informed of the charge. He is a "predicant" according to the unique code phrases these immigration authorities make use of—that is, he is charged with "being a member of an organization that believes in the overthrow of the government of the United States by force and violence". It appears very rapidly that Mr. Collaer, who sits now as judge, has already appeared as a witness against the prisoner and has already recommended that the warrant of arrest for deportation issue.

But the "fair and impartial" hearing proceeds. The record discloses that Pallares has been questioned before, back in the days of 1933 during the miners' strike at Gallup. Thus, the following took place:

Question: "Is it true that you have been trying to organize a labor union in Madrid?"

Answer: "Yes, that is true. There is no harm in this, is there?"

Question: "What kind of a labor organization have you been trying to perfect there?"

Question: "Do you belong to the National Miners Union?"

Question: "What are the doctrines of the National Miners Union?"

Question: "Do you know whether the National Miners Union is a Communist organization?"

(Isn't there something in Section 7a about workers joining any labor organization of their choosing, and the right to be free from intimidation or persecution because of such membership?)

And then Pallares:

Answer: "I know why you are really here. You were brought here by the coal company to try to get rid of me because they don't want me here or anyone else that would interfere with the way they run things."

The next witness was A. R. Clauser, coal company physician, who testified that he "impresses me as being a quarrelsome fellow. He urged the miners to join the National Miners Union for the protection of their rights". Then comes J. W. Collier, scab, who declares that Pallares is "the chief agitator in the coal strike. He is a no good so and so. He complains the company isn't giving him a fair deal. He is a born trouble maker. This company pays as good or better wages than any coal company in the southwest."

Question: "Have you ever heard him make inflammatory speeches about the government?"

Answer: "No, not exactly—he urges the Mexicans to fight for their rights."

And then, a statement by the "judge" himself, Nick D. Collaer:

"My survey of Communist activities in New Mexico estab-

lished that Jesus Pallares was one of the most obnoxious agitators in the state . . . he has apparently been successful in inciting the native Mexicans through the Communist-led organization known as the 'Liga Obrera'."

The next witness against Pallares was a fellow worker of his, José Martinez, who gave his testimony in the McKinley County courthouse on April 7, 1935. Here is a *piece de résistance*:

Question: "José, if there ever should come a time when the workers had arisen and perfected an army of such strength as to attempt to overthrow the government, would you side with the workers?"

Answer: "I would want to be in the army that would win."

Pressed further as to what he would do in the event both armies were of equal strength man for man and gun for gun, José capitulated and countered: "I would stay with the government."

(Not so long ago a United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the case of Rosika Schwimmer, a woman pacifist seeking citizenship, decided a person's rights and liberties were not to be tested by "conundrums"; the Supreme Court of the United States disagreed with and reversed the decision. Presumably, such questions by immigration officials are in order.)

In any event, after the philosophic discussion set forth above, Martinez went on to say that he had joined the Communist Party and Pallares had persuaded him so to do.

What promises were used to secure this "confession" from him on the one hand and what threats or terror were employed on the other are still unknown. A general idea of the nature and extent of the terror that swept over all Gallup and must have filled the hearts of the 200 or more prisoners in the McKinley County courthouse when José Martinez made his "confession" on the 7th day of April, 1935, three days after the shooting, can now be had, however.

Summoned by a prearranged signal, a blow of the fire siren, two hundred armed Legionnaires, mine guards and ranchers were deputized as sheriffs shortly after the shooting; they rounded up and jailed practically all of the workers in Gallup's mining community. "Bearing shotguns, rifles, the city's single submachine gun and pistols of all descriptions," declared the Gallup Independent, the morning after, "the special deputies combed Chiahuahuita, northwest Gallup and Black Diamond Canyon for radical suspects. 'We are going to arrest everyone identified with the radical movement here,' the sheriff said."

The assistant district attorney in charge of the case admitted "questioning" 601 persons. The houses of more than one hundred miners were raided and searched, in most instances without any search warrant at all, in many cases under warrants issued on the pretense that a revolver from one of the officers "was stolen". Half a hundred warrants were issued for the search for this revolver, on an affidavit which recited that this same revolver was being concealed at the very same time in half a hundred different workers' homes. The raids netted "communistic literature" which consisted for the most part of membership cards in the workers' unions or their unemployed organization.

While all of Gallup during those raids remained a terrorized camp, of the two or three hundred workers in jail, the women and children were kept in the County Jail for two nights and two days, while the men were corralled in the County Courthouse, which was used as a "concentration camp" guarded by these specially deputized gun thugs.

Some workers were beaten, others third degraded, many

threatened and still others promised immunity if they would turn state's evidence against their comrades. All were "questioned" first by the armed guards, many of whom were drunk—a bullet hole in the ceiling of the courthouse still bears evidence of one of the guns that "accidentally" opened fire in the middle of the night—then by the state officials; then in turn by the immigration authorities. Apparently there was a prearranged plan to deport those against whom no evidence of any violation of state law could be manufactured or "discovered". All those jailed were under charges of murder. Obviously, it was not very difficult to bargain deportation to a terrorized Mexican worker for the electric chair.

When the authorities had gathered all the "evidence" they thought they needed against the miners, a program designed to railroad all of them, some for deportation and others to the state penitentiary and to the electric chair was at once initiated and carried forward with dispatch. On Saturday morning, within forty-eight hours of the shooting, the defendants were formally charged with murder; within an hour they were arraigned before the justice of the peace; they were induced to waive their preliminary hearing by the district attorney; informations were filed against them before a District Judge, who was conveniently present to take over the proceedings from the justice of the peace; they were held without bond and shipped off to the state penitentiary at Santa Fé to be quartered in the death cell there—all this without the presence of a lawyer and after being denied a postponement to procure a lawyer, and the right to have counsel.

The Gallup Independent, which fights communism and stands for Americanism, described the proceedings thus:

Unparalleled in New Mexico court annals was the courtroom scene and procedure last night as Gallup men and women were held on charges of murdering Sheriff M. R. Carmichael in Thursday's riot. District Judge Luis Armijo, who presided, said never in his long career at the bar had he ever seen or heard of such a proceeding. Even the charges themselves were unusual. A seldom used territorial law was invoked against all who could be identified in the mob that killed the officer. The courtroom scene had never been equaled in color of the backdrop of 36 turbulent hours when the town was under a semi-military rule of 250 special deputies. A 30-30 caliber Winchester rifle lay on the judge's desk as first Justice William M. Bickel and District Judge Armijo presided for the preliminary hearing and the arraignment. Arms bristled through the courtroom, heavily guarded both at the door and inside the courtroom railing. Rifled deputies stood about the judge's and prosecutor's table and occupied the jury box. As a matter of fact, there is no record of the territorial statute referred to ever having been used before, even in territorial days, and certainly not in modern times.

In Santa Fé later the assistant district attorney told me that the men had been removed from Gallup "for their own benefit", to be away from the gun thugs and vigilantes. I have it on good authority that Judge Armijo insisted upon the Winchester rifle on his desk as personal protection against the gun thugs, so many of whom were irresponsibly drunk.

It was during the height of such a reign of terror that José Martinez and other workers gave testimony to the immigration authorities against themselves and their comrades, which evidence is now the basis for deportation proceedings against

a score or more of New Mexico's mine workers and strike leaders.

It isn't often that labor has in its possession written admissions of lawlessness by the prosecuting authorities; it is even more rare for such admissions to be under oath. Such evidence, however, is now at hand. In the course of a petition for writ of habeas corpus filed in behalf of the workers in the District Court at Santa Fé before Judge M. A. Otero, Jr., Sheriff D. W. Roberts under oath and in writing had this to say: "That since the commission of said crime on the 4th day of April, 1935, more than one hundred persons have been taken into custody by your respondent for investigation concerning their connection with said riot and murder, and just as rapidly as the investigation of each individual party has been completed, complaint charging murder has been filed against them or the prisoners have been discharged or released from custody." (The sheriff admits "more than 100"; the actual figure is somewhere between 200 and 600.)

The sheriff goes on to say that the prisoners were "arrested and taken into custody by this respondent or his deputies . . . upon orders issued by the District Attorney . . . for investigation . . . and said prisoners are being held pending the completion of said investigation."

The law is clear that no one may be arrested for investigation; that an arrest may be made only when the arresting officer has "reasonable cause to believe that the person arrested has committed an offense." Sheriff Roberts has confessed, accordingly, wholesale unlawful arrests.

But what is even more significant with respect to other prisoners, the sheriff stated that he was "acting merely as a temporary custodian for the United States . . . and working in conjunction and in comity with the immigration authorities of the United States"; no deportation warrants of arrest had been issued—the detention was clearly unlawful both under Federal and state law.

The only justification offered by the sheriff was, as suspected by the workers and their friends, "comity" between the state and Federal officials—a comity which in the face of the facts set forth above means nothing short of a conspiracy by the Government of the United States and the State of New Mexico to railroad workers first to the electric chair if possible, and secondly out of the state and out of the country as an alternative.

Relying upon the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Scottsboro cases, Judge Otero declared all the proceedings in Gallup void and ordered new hearings.

Additional evidence of this conspiracy came in the course of the new preliminary hearing before Judge Otero. Forty-eight workers were on trial on charges of first degree murder; in the course of the trial twenty of them were not only not identified as being anywhere near the scene of the shooting, but their names were not even mentioned in the course of the entire hearing. The District Attorney ceremoniously arose and announced that he was ready to dismiss the charges against three of the workers, Crescenciano Villa, Pillar Rodriguez and Albino Cass. Of course, counsel for the defense, welcomed the move and were frankly shocked at this act of apparent generosity by the prosecuting officials. When I inquired of the District Attorney, however, as to what arrangements had been made for the transportation of these workers from Santa Fé back to Gallup, 220 miles away, the assistant district attorney replied with a smirk, "There is no need for transportation arrangements; they will be seized at once by the United States Marshal for deportation." It was then that

counsel for the defense talked of "beware of Greeks bearing gifts" and demanded that the prisoners continue within the jurisdiction of the state court as witnesses for the defense; and it was in the course of that proceeding that Judge Otero announced that although he had no control over the Federal immigration authorities no arrests should be made in his courtroom. But this was after the three workers were arrested in open court by the marshal and when Attorney David Levinson was placed under technical arrest for advising the workers of their rights.

Further, after the preliminary hearing was over two of the workers released were immediately rearrested on deportation warrants, and five of the ten awaiting trial for murder were also rearrested on deportation charges.

Word comes from Washington now that Frances Perkins has ordered the program of intimidation of witnesses for the defense by her immigration agents to cease, and the terror to halt, and all further deportation proceedings to be postponed until after the murder trial—this through the insistence and persistence of Congressman Vito Marcantonio and tremendous protest and pressure which have poured in on her, and from workingclass organizations and liberals throughout the country. That is well.

But the outraged, indignant, harassed miners of New Mexico still feel that the Government of the United States, Frances Perkins and her immigration inspectors have served well the interests of the Gallup American Coal Company and that the immigration laws of the United States have been used (and abused) quite effectively as anti-labor weapons against workers fighting exploitation and starvation.

MUSIC

BY ALAN CAMPBELL

OF MAJOR importance in the forthcoming season of twelve subscription performances (through the month of November) to be given at the Memorial Opera House by the San Francisco Opera Company, is the knowledge that Richard Wagner's *Der Ring Der Nibelungen* will be produced. General Director Gaetana Merola has judiciously chosen Kirstin Flagstad for the three Brunhilde roles of Wagner's tetralogy. The parts of Siegfried and Wotan have been given to Lauritz Melchior and Friederich Schorr, both artists whose long familiarity with Wagnerian roles has earned them an enviable place in the hearts of Wagnerites in Europe and America. The orchestra will be under the baton of Artur Bodanzky.

Besides the Ring two French operas are being introduced to the San Francisco Opera Repertoire this (thirteenth) season: Halevy's dramatic *La Juive* and Massenet's *Werther*. Martinelli will star in the former and Tito Schipa in the latter.

Dates and casts of the twelve performances will be announced later.

Thirty-two "symphonies under the stars" will be held at the Hollywood Bowl from July 16 to September 7, directed by such eminent conductors as Klemperer, Mengelberg, Molinari, Iturbi and Schelling. As lavish divertissements, eight ballets will be performed and the following operas will be sung in concert form: *Aida*, *Traviata*, *Lohengrin* and *Eugene Onegin*. Among guest soloists are Helen Jepson, Rose Bampton, Jeritza and Heifetz.

ANOTHER HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

BY CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

VANGUARD PRESS notified Charles Erskine Scott Wood, the wise old poet, that his book, *Heavenly Discourse*, was prohibited from entrance into Canada by the censor there, a man named J. S. Roe and entitled "the Examiner of Publications for the Commissioner of Customs at Ottawa". That struck the author of this classic best-seller as funny. He could not believe it. He questioned the very existence of J. S. Roe, mixing him up with some cousin of John Doe. Asked what to do about the matter, the poet ordered a copy of his book sent to the Prince of Wales, a charming fellow fond of humor and a citizen-resident of Canada. Asked by the publisher what to do in the matter, the poet-satirist replied that there was no matter and that he had no suggestion except possibly another *Heavenly Discourse* and he added—as we also add—"here it is."

Add it to your old copy of the original classic, stick it into the book you have and keep it till John Doe "the Examiner etc. etc." gets to heaven with the Prince of Wales and Charles Erskine Scott Wood. It will be valuable. —Editor's Note.

GOD, *wrapt in an ermine overcoat, is watching an ice-hockey match between Hell and Ottawa, Canada.*
SAINT PETER comes in.

Saint Peter
GOD

Omniscience, there is a Soul outside—
Alas, Peter, there are too many outside.
You don't bar any out, do you?

Saint Peter

Not now—not since you threw the Heavenly Gate wide open.

GOD

I had to, Peter. Hell was getting the best of it.—Well?

Saint Peter

I don't know what to make of this Soul—if it be a soul. It does not seem quite right in its mind—if it has a mind.

GOD

Peter, we cannot discriminate that way. Heaven would be as empty as a church on weekdays.

Saint Peter

I'm not sure, Omniscience, that this really is a soul. It blows its fingers—it slaps its thigh—it threshes its arms about itself, and dances a double shuffle—

GOD

What's that—a double shuffle?

Saint Peter

It is a religious dance for cold latitudes, I believe.

GOD

David danced before Me.—What is that roaring and shouting?

Saint Peter

I do not know, Omniscience.

GOD

Well, go out and see.

Saint Peter goes out.

Peter gets more irritating every year.

Saint Peter returns.

Well?

Saint Peter

It is nothing, Omniscience—nothing. Hell scored in the ice hockey game.

GOD

Nothing—That's a lot.—And this is the sort of reporter I have to put up with—nothing. It seems to me that Hell is scoring everywhere. (*To Saint Peter*) Get this dancer's name and position. Maybe he only has Saint Vitus Dance. That's not a religion.

Saint Peter

GOD

There're a lot of religions, Peter, that you don't approve of. Bring him in and we will see. Vitus was one of your Saints, I believe.

Saint Peter

I don't remember. There are so many of them.

Saint Peter goes out.

GOD

Peter takes no interest in any sport but fishing. I am afraid that he has become a Faithful Servant. And if there is anything that annoys me it is a Faithful Servant. Heaven is full of them. I think I ought to pension Peter—

Saint Peter returns.

Well? Who is it?

Saint Peter

I can't make out who it is; it stutters so.

GOD

Bring it in—bring it in—bring it in.

Saint Peter goes out.

It is always so—I never look forward to a little intellectual recreation but something like this happens—And today, the match between Hell and Ottawa—Ottawa, somewhere on Earth, I think.

Saint Peter comes in with a shivering Soul that claps its hands and slaps its arms around itself, and dances a sort of shuffling dance.

Who is it?

GOD

Saint Peter
(*To the Soul*)

Soul

Who are you?

I am J. S. Roe, the Examiner of Publications for the Commissioner of Customs at Ottawa, Canada.

Saint Peter

I have heard of John Doe and Richard Roe and I know they are anonymous criminals. My name is Peter. Don't trifle with me, what is your real name?

Soul

Saint Peter

J. S. Roe, Examiner of Publications. If you don't tell me your real name I'll put you in Hell.

GOD

Don't threaten it, Peter; that was its real name—it is going to Hell anyway—don't be harsh.

Where are you from?

Ottawa, Canada..

Spell it.

O—t—t

Don't stutter so. Spell it slowly..

O—t—t—

Saint Peter

Soul

Saint Peter

Soul

Saint Peter

Soul

Saint Peter God, there it goes—t — t — t—I cannot understand him..

GOD Try to stand still, my good soul, and tell us your name and position..

Saint Peter He has forty positions a minute. Stand still—Don't shuffle.

Soul My name is J. S. Roe.

Saint Peter He insists on being a criminal.

Soul Examiner of Publications for the Commissioner of Customs at Ottawa. At Ottawa—at Ottawa—Canada.

GOD Why, of course: Ottawa. How stupid of you, Peter. That's the hockey team playing against Hell. (To Soul) What did you do, Mr. Roe?

Soul Nothing, really. I examined books to decide what the public might or might not read. I was a censor.

GOD Ah, yes. Edgar Allen Poe, incensed by an unseen censor.—Did the people respect your views and refrain from reading the books you prohibited?

Soul Well, no, Omniscience. The books I prohibited were the ones they read.

GOD I see you tell the truth.

Soul Almighty God, all souls stand naked here.

GOD They do—they do. But I suppose that would be punished in Ottawa. Tell me some book you have censored.

Soul The latest was a dreadful little book called *Heavenly Discourse*—

GOD What!—Not that delightful little book by—Oh, I forget his name—but I've not laughed so heartily for eternities.

Soul It was most blasphemous!

GOD I did not notice it.

Soul Oh, God, it spoke irreverently of you.

GOD I did not notice it.

Soul —And treated you and Jesus with great familiarity.

GOD We wish more people were familiar with us.

Soul It was obscene!

GOD Obscenity is where you wish to find it. Some say the Hebrew Bible is obscene—the poetry the most sublime of any from the soul of Man.

Soul But the Bible is your Holy Word.

GOD So my obscenity is holy. Nonsense. The Bible is no more my word than is that of any earnest man or woman who seeks the Truth and seeks to make a better world. Obscenity!—I say again, Obscenity lies in the mind of those who seek it.—Gabriel, call Jesus and the little band of humorists I love to have about me.

The sound of a bugle is heard and the humorists of the world come in: Aristophanes, Cervantes, Rabelais, Daudet, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Swift, Mark Twain, and many more.

(To Rabelais) François, here we have the old, old joke once more: trying to

make men good by burning their bodies or their books.

(To Mark Twain) Second Samuel, do you remember that delightful little book we all enjoyed so much during our summer session, when we lay upon the banks of the River of Life?

Heavenly Discourse?

Yes, *Heavenly Discourse*.—This shivering soul has tried to shut it out of Canada.

Good—that is good. Then everyone in Canada will read it and be amused.

More than amused, Sam—instructed too, I hope.

Ma foi, qu'est-ce que c'est, ce Canada?

Je ne sais pas. Je crois que c'est une terre perdue où le bon esprit est défendu.

Les pauvres misérables.

You say you were from Ottawa, Earth?

Yes, Ottawa, Canada.

Peter, isn't Canada on Earth?

I don't know, God.

There you are—that's Peter. And you were a censor?

Yes.

I fear you are lost! You must descend to the lowest Hell of Intolerance.—Send him down.

Saint Peter leads out the Soul.

A Young Angel rushes in.

Hell has won! Hell has beaten Ottawa—fifty to nothing.

Of course! Hell always wins.

All go out except God and Jesus.

My son, do you still hope for man?

Father! Give me the million years you promised. Remember, they have produced the little group which just went out, and many more.

Ah, yes, my son.—But where will I be in a million years? You do not realize, my son, how intolerance and stupidity wear on me.—Come.

They go out together.

Mark Twain

GOD

Mark Twain

GOD

Rabelais

Voltaire

Rabelais

GOD (to Soul)

Soul

GOD

Saint Peter

GOD

Soul

GOD

Young Angel

GOD

GOD

JESUS

GOD

THE THEATER

OIL AND APPLESAUCE

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

MOTION pictures, like politics, make strange bedfellows. The reverse is likewise true; strange bedfellows may make startling motion pictures. The recent marriage of Hearst-Cosmopolitan with Warner Brothers has produced *Oil for the Lamps of China*, which I wish to cite as an exhibit quite worthy of the attention of the literate moviegoer. Here is a film which must have caused a good deal of cigar-chewing

in the offices of the Standard Oil Company.

In its opening title the film apologizes to Standard by explaining that the oil business is referred to merely because light is the symbol of progress. This is a priceless bit of irony, whether unconscious or intended.

The hero of the story, played with excellent sincerity by Pat O'Brien, is a young man sent to the Orient by the Oil Company. Completely hypnotized by pep-talk idealism of the Ivy Lee vintage, he completely submerges his own desires, his emotions, his humanity, in fact his very identity, in the business of being an agent of the company—a part of the machine.

While his wife is in childbirth he is called away to save an oil tank from fire. He returns to find the child dead because he was not there to aid the doctor. He sacrifices his best friend to win a contract with the Chinese, who demand the man's discharge as the price of the transaction. He risks cholera, famine and bullets to bring added wealth to his New York employers. He believes in them—in The Company—a word which for him has become a mystic symbol. The Company, he has been taught to believe, takes care of its own.

This in spite of the fact that he has seen his old boss, a man he has loved and admired almost as a father, commit suicide when relegated to the scrap heap a few months before the date of eligibility for pension. And this in spite of the fact that he, himself, has won more reprimands than praise in his efforts in his employers' behalf.

When rewarded for his supreme effort by being relegated to a job as office menial, one expects him to revolt. He now sees that in spite of his efforts and achievements he has been made the victim of office politics. But he does not revolt; his indoctrination has been too long and too thorough. With a passivity learned from the Chinese he sits by and waits. He still believes in justice.

But his long-suffering wife has had enough. Her faith in the wisdom and justice of The Company has not survived her dead child and the humiliation of her mate. She knows that he has invented a lamp for the oil of China, that it has further enriched the company's coffers and that it bears the name of a company official instead of that of her husband, its inventor. Armed with the patent, she goes to the company officials and blackmails them with the threat of a lawsuit, with the result that her man is restored to his high position.

The film ends with a superb bit of irony, with O'Brien embracing his wife in a burst of gratitude toward The Company and restored faith in its justice. She looks over his shoulder toward the camera with a Mona Lisa smile—she has not told him how the "justice" was accomplished.

Josephine Hutchinson, who learned to act in Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater in New York, plays the wife splendidly. Some of the lines given her are a bit too sticky for the consumption of the civilized moviegoer, but her performance on the whole is intelligent and thoroughly moving.

The film is imaginatively photographed and ably directed. Arthur Byron, Donald Crisp, Jean Muir and many other capables give worthy portrayals in the lesser roles. Another touch of irony is in the communist revolt scene, wherein the young red leader comes to the oil company offices and commandeers the gold in the safe. He tells the officials he represents the people of China, who are customers of the company, and reminds them of their own slogan that "the customer is always right".

Less obvious, but not obscured to the thoughtful spectator, is the picture of imperialism represented by the oil interests. Even in this Hearst-Warner production the windy idealism

of the corporation's preachments do not quite conceal its motive, which is to own the earth and wring out profit and power regardless of the cost in human blood.

Many plays have been written on the Youth vs. Age theme, and Samson Raphaelson's *Accent on Youth*, now playing at the Geary is perhaps not astounding for new evidence submitted. But Raphaelson, who a few years ago made *Young Love* an engrossing bit of nothing at all, has written his new play with lively humor. And when he reaches his final conclusion that age has the most to offer youth in matters of love, his tongue is slyly and roguishly in his cheek.

Henry Duffy and Director Russell Fillmore have mounted the comedy well and have peopled it with graceful stagefolk. Otto Kruger, who distinguished himself here a few years back in *Counsellor At Law* and then went to M-G-M to become a matinee idol, is still the competent and forceful actor. He has the role of the elderly playwright who is about to dash off to Finland with his leading lady when he finds that his secretary is in love with him. The first act ends with Kruger telephoning to the liner and telling the lady she'll have to sail alone. And there, by the way, is a pleasant one-acter, if some little theatre group cares to play with it.

In the second act he makes his secretary a star and his mistress, only to have her elope with the young leading man—youth calling to youth. But she comes back in the third, the idea being that the youngster has nothing to offer her but youth's callow bloom, while the older man has a grace and a wisdom born of consort with many mistresses.

It's all very gay and airily philosophical, with just a suggestion of the French. Its big virtue is that it is craftily written and acted with finish. Martha Sleeper, who last appeared here in *Dinner At Eight*, has improved greatly since then. She endows the adoring secretary with a dogged despair and the eloping mistress with genuine pangs of regret and bewilderment.

The play is a potpourri of old themes woven together in a pattern which gives them freshness and novelty. There is the talkative butler who is a student of physical culture and the old actor who in his cups remembers that he was once something of an athlete himself. The scene in which these two parade their biceps and indulge in a bout of Indian wrestling makes good amusement. *Accent on Youth* says nothing more charmingly than it has been said on the San Francisco stage this season.

BOOKS

EVEN FOR MEN

THE DANGEROUS AGE IN MEN, by Chester T. Stone,
M. D. (Macmillan Co.) \$1.75

(Reviewed by Herman de Fremery)

THIS dangerous age is "after forty", when man's prostate gland is most likely to give him trouble. The prostate, all lay readers may not know, is an important accessory sex gland situated at the neck of the bladder. The author is a specialist in urology, and it is his estimate that in sixty per cent of all men past forty, the mal-functioning of the prostate is the source of mental and physical distress of one kind or another.

Doubtless one should make some discount for the enthusiasm of the specialist; yet enough prostatism remains to make the forties and fifties a dangerous age for many men.

Three themes run through the book: that prostatism is of insidious growth, hence its early symptoms are often long neglected; that the techniques of medical treatment are highly efficient and can almost always head off the need for surgical intervention; and that continence after forty, when the sexual life has become well established, is the enemy of a healthy prostate.

This is a noteworthy book on two counts. First, to the man over forty—and, the author hopes, to the wife of the man over forty “whose husband’s tender and unselfish nature seems to be going sour”—to whom it gives an adequate account of this important gland, and its care in health and ill-health, mayhap to his enduring benefit.

It is also an excellent example of the possibility of “humanizing knowledge” in the medical sciences. A treatise on an organ, its functions and its diseases, clearly and interestingly written, sound and popular, and encompassed in a small book of 97 pages.

NEW SET OF PEOPLE

A WORLD TO WIN, by Jack Conroy. (Covici-Friede)
\$2.50

(Reviewed by Phil McCann)

THOSE who read Conroy’s first novel, *The Disinherited*, found the characters in it the same as workers anywhere in America. *A World To Win* has an entirely different set of characters.

In his second book Conroy has not tried to work over too large a canvas. True, he has woven in a number of background characters, but, while immensely interesting, they serve largely as props for the brothers who are the main characters.

Two boys, half-brothers, traverse separate roads in their journey from childhood to middle age. Leo Hurley, the elder, is a typical product of American workingclass family. Practical, hard-boiled, shiftless, uneducated, a roamer and carefree. Bob, his half-brother, is the poet, dreamer, would-be writer, Bohemian, white-collar worker, and believer in the “best things”.

Leaving home at an early age, Leo roams about the middle west, getting and losing jobs, marrying his childhood sweetheart, feeding four infants, and puzzled all the time because he cannot find work when he wants—and needs—it.

Finishing high school Bob tries college. Finds college not only the bunk, but a waste of good coin. He leaves to enter upon a career of writing. At college he took unto himself a tootsie who clung to him for many years. He loses contact with reality, tries to exist at an unemployed camp, cages from Bohemian friends and gradually loses himself in a maze of difficulties. When the girl threatens to kill herself he returns to the same bed, same rich food and the same line of patriotism. Escape is impossible.

Then he meets Leo again. They work together in a steel fabrication plant. Leo, Bob finds, is an informer for the bosses in the plant. An organizer wants Bob to join the Union. Leo tells the boss and the organizer gets the gate. Bob finds that Leo is a “company man”; willing to accept long hours, low wages, yes, even scab during a strike, so long as he can keep his wife and kids from starving. The brothers have quarrels

over this and almost fight.

Then the strike comes. With other strikers Bob mills about in front of the plant. A car arrives well-protected by police. Inside, as the pickets well know, are scabs. Horrified, Bob sees his brother in the car. Rushing the car the pickets haul Leo out. In the scuffle Bob gets clouted. He is terrified, as the pickets mean to kill Leo.

Here Conroy really gets down to business, which does not mean that the book lacks interest up to this point. Those of us who have come to grips with the Law in strikes and street skirmishes well know the panic, terror and wild scramble when mounted police charge the crowd.

A striker asks, “Well, what’ll we do with this rat?”

“What do you usually do with rats? Bump ‘im off. Hell, we croak him and hide him away down in the basement here and nobody’ll even smell ‘im. This part of town stinks like a crappin-can all the time anyhow. Anybody got a knife? I’ll slit his windpipe.”

Leo begs, and reminds the strikers of his wife and family. He admits that he deserves all that the strikers want to give him, but wants another chance to show that he will never scab again. To Bob’s relief Leo is released.

Returning to the tootsie Bob learns of an impending raid on the Workers’ Center. He tries to warn them, but is too late. He is completely disgusted with work, his writing, his life, and most of all with the girl.

Leo takes to the highways with his family and father packed into an aged flivver. They ramble about noting the scars of the depression, tasting hunger, cold, sickness. Leo watches his wife die in a ditch when she is giving birth to their fifth child. He, too, finds the New Deal has been but a Bum Deal.

Taking an aged pistol he goes to the city hall determined to end his troubles in the grandstand manner. A workers’ demonstration arrives to ask the city grafters for relief. As usual the cops get out the clubs and tear gas and go to work. Leo finds out that here is action, the kind of action he has long awaited. While a husky Negro named Fatfolks throws the gas bombs Leo hauls out the old gat and blasts a few times in the air. From a window above the street a cop takes deliberate aim. Fatfolks goes down and the Workers’ Center lose one of their most militant members. The cops think Leo the leader of the demonstration and would like to have him to—sorta—“work over”. Leo remains in hiding.

The suicide idea has left Leo. He realizes that his only hope is throwing in his lot with the others who come to the Workers’ Center. They, like him, are homeless, hungry, wretched, ragged, but in their determination Leo finds the inspiration and force that moves him into their fighting ranks.

Bob wants to get his girl interested in the Workers’ Center. They walk down there. A cop barges out the door with Leo. Bob leaves the girl standing while he follows the cop and Leo. She tries to warn the cop, but Bob coming up behind while the cop is phoning for the wagon, reaches one from his shoe-strings and belts the cop on the chin. While the young lady busies herself giving the cop a long count, Bob and Leo take it on the lam up an alley. In a worker’s house they file off Leo’s handcuffs. They sit down and talk things over. At last they have found a comradeship, a brotherly affection, and a fusion of interests they have not known since childhood. They have joined the militant section of the working class.

Conroy is a worker—and a writer, too—who knows his class, and can write well about it. Many incidents of the class war are woven into the book: workers lose battles, but bounce back, again and again, determined to finally win the class war.

They know, as Conroy knows, (and shows) that the class war is a grim, ruthless, relentless battle but they strive on regardless of consequences.

Certainly Conroy will keep on writing. And proletarian writers all over the earth will find *A World To Win* a mark to shoot at. It belongs in the hands of a million American workers.

STUDY OF FALSE BELIEFS

DO YOU BELIEVE IT? by Otis W. Caldwell and Bernhard E. Lundeen. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) \$3

(Reviewed by Fern McGrath)

THIS is a study of false beliefs, that is, of superstitions and misconceptions. The authors restrict the term superstition to unfounded ideas having a supernatural element, using the word misconception for incorrect ideas that are the result of lack of information, or illogical thinking. Many of the false beliefs which they look into are harmless enough, even though absurd. But many others, though cherished by educated people, lead their possessors into difficulties of one sort or another, from needless expenditures, through wasted efforts, to harmful endeavors.

The chief value of the book lies in the four chapters which summarize the scientific studies which have been made in this field. It is interesting to note that the earliest exact study of false beliefs appeared in 1887. Researches have since been made both on pure superstitions, and on several kinds of misconceptions, such as those pertaining to health, to psychologic phenomena, to astronomical beliefs, to weather conditions, etc.

These chapters on research are much to the point, but the rest of the book is a rather verbose and discursive account of miscellaneous false beliefs, their origin and senselessness.

Several experiments have been made to determine what can be accomplished by special science courses which are designed (though not in appearance) to rid the student of false beliefs. The results were so encouraging that the authors are led to make a strong plea for science teaching which will specifically attack common and influential false beliefs; and, more importantly, will develop the generalized scientific attitude of mind.

VIVID PHOTOGRAPHS

THE MOSCOW THEATRE FOR CHILDREN. (Cooperative Publishing Society of Foreign Workers in the U.S.S.R. Moscow) 6.50 rubles

THIS is a vivid photographic record of the 12-year history of the Moscow Theatre for Children. Vivid in spite of the rather indifferent quality of the reproductions. Nor does the discrepancy in statistical data matter: what if the total attendance jumps from one and a half million on one page to three and a half million on the adjacent page? The imperfectly edited and poorly printed book is priceless in the essentials it imparts as to that unique theatrical venture.

Fifteen years ago the director, Natalia Satz (she is thirty now), began to champion this movement. Today, with some one hundred state theatres for children functioning in the Soviet Union, the pioneering stage is over. The theatre forms a part of the children's schooling; in remote suburbs and villages the theatre comes to them. Some of the finest playwrights, actors, directors, decorators, pedagogues have gathered around Natalia Satz. Their coordinated efforts have proved decidedly

successful, and as in other Soviet activities, they are not likely to be checked by the presumption of finality.

For one thing, the audiences they encounter will not let them rest on their laurels. Continuous expert observation of the children's reactions during and after the performance furnishes the "scientific data", in Soviet parlance, for the choice and modification of the repertoire. The exacting audiences, ranging from six to sixteen, must be treated as separate bodies, according to their age. Care is taken in the selection of the actors for their "synthetic" ability: "they must be masters of the drama and the comedy; they must be able to dance and to sing; they must be familiar with pedagogy and with the peculiarities of child perception . . . Small children must be given great art." (Satz)

Natalia Satz, who is also a playwright, is gravely concerned about the choice of plays. The children are to be amused and cheered, are to be given fantasy and adventure, but they are also to be brought close to life and its problems. Their fare must be neither obvious nor predigested, "not farina but nuts to crack with their teeth". Each performance is expected to produce an "activizing" result, since even the theatre has the Marxian ambition—not merely to explain the world but to change it.

Forty-two plays have been produced thus far, and the hundreds of photographs give an idea of their range. Pushkin's fairy-tale, *Balda the Workman*, Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Ognev's bit from *A Thousand and One Nights*, alternate with *Robin Hood*, *Pinocchio*, *The Altai Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Sawyer*, *The Negro Boy and the Monkey*. Up-to-date themes are suggested by such titles as *Amid Eternal Icefields*, *Electricity*, *Chronomobile*, or by the English title *Cracking*. There is drama and pantomime, dancing and singing, acrobatics and the manipulation of marionettes, and at times stage action is supplemented by animated drawings on the screen. Right on the Tverskoy Boulevard the children may be entertained by a troupe of "Matryoshki", a kind of village cabaret. Page after page you face eager and thrilled audiences, expressive of their active participation in what is taking place on the stage.

—A. K.



MOTHER GOOSE FOR A NEW GENERATION

SKINNY Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffet
Filling a questionnaire.
When the investigator
Came to her, much later
Miss Muffett no longer was there.

NRA sat on a wall
NRA had a great fall
Franklin nor Johnson nor senators ten
Can put NRA together again.

"Share cropper, share cropper, where have you been?"
"I've been to the cross-roads to see what I seen."
"Share cropper, share cropper, what did you see?"
"My neighbor, who hung from the limb of a tree."

—M. E. B.

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OH-OH!

(From Life, July, 1935)

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Mid-Term Report



BEST BOOK,
Non-Fiction:
Personal History,
by Vincent Shee-
an.

Best Novel: *Of Time and the River,*
by Thomas Wolfe.

Worst Book, Any Kind: *Capitalism
Carries On,* by Walter B. Pitkin.

Worst Novel: *Forget If You Can,*
by John Erskine.

Deaf and Blind Award, 1935: Pul-
itzer Prize Play Committee.

Dumbest Book Reviewing: James C.
Grey in the New York Sun.

Best Article: *Why They Are So
Dumb,* by Robert Briffault in *Pacific
Weekly.*

Most Shocked Audience: Boston's
blue bloods at the first night of *Parade,*
the Theatre Guild revue.

Worst Article: *The Treason of the
Intellectuals,* by Gilbert Seldes in the
Saturday Evening Post.

Finest Book: *Fatherland,* by Karl
Billinger.



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